

HOME DEPARTMENT.

GRAPE CULTURE.

The following article gives the manner of grape culture, by Mr. Glidden, of Ohio:

Mr. Glidden lets his vines grow and make all the wood he can coax them to—and then "feeds" them to make them produce fruit—feeds them every day during the season.

His ground is hard clay soil, of the Ohio river bottom.

1. He makes it as rich as possible with stable manure, to the depth of 15 to 18 inches, mixing in lime to a considerable quantity, and sand enough to make the ground, after it is prepared, light and porous. His ground gives to the foot almost like a sponge.

2. He digs a trench 3 1/2 feet deep, 3 1/2 feet wide, throwing the prepared earth on the other, and sets in the trench the posts for an arbor. In the bottom of the trench he places bones from the slaughter house, to the depth of 5 or 6 inches, upon the bones he packs solid about 18 to 20 inches of stable manure, upon the top of which he puts the prepared earth, taken from the top of the trench in digging, and the clay from the bottom is spread over the surface of the ground.

3. He sets his plants. After that, he never digs the ground, but applies all "feed" in a top dressing.

4. In the case of bearing vines, every day when it does not rain, the whole surface of the ground is freely sprinkled with water, from the time the grapes are formed until ripe. All the summer, all his vines are fed with lime water, about two-thirds of a bucketful of lime to 80 gallons of water, and all the soap suds and dish water from the kitchens, is fed to the vines. The heavy bunches are tied up with twine to support them.

5. He supports the bearing branches, going over the vines about three times, to equalize their growth, lets them grow no longer than 8 or 10 inches, and keeps them there.

6. After bearing, at the proper season, he cuts off all the bearing branches smooth to the vines; the next season, the bearing branches again shoot out at the same place. He then gives the whole surface of ground a coating of manure and sawdust on the top of that.

7. The posts of this (three or four inches square, painted) are set about seven feet apart, the center of the trenches being about the same distance between; posts about seven feet high. Iron rods, round, one-fourth of an inch in diameter, run through the posts, and along the top of the arbor. The vines run across the arbor on the top, about six or seven inches apart. In bearing, the blue sky overhead is scarcely to be seen from the bunches of blue grapes. As the sun sets and shines in on the sides of the arbor, mist can be seen falling from the vines almost like rain.

8. No mother ever nursed her child with more unwearied and tender care than does Mr. Glidden his grapes. But they repay all time, all care bestowed.

9. Mr. Glidden's grapes never blight or rot; never fail!—Cincinnati Gazette.

THE CHEERFUL VOICE.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, care and vexation will and must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so if for no other reason than for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For as we advance in years our life becomes more anterior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows deaf to external sound; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook that used to prattle so gaily to us, rushes by unheeded; we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens! And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful spoken, then, in our homes.—Once a Month.

In the heart lies real study, and within that narrow orbit the mirror of enchanted thoughts reflects the whole circumference of earth.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seed look?" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"O no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day," Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers and seeds and weeds to-day."

"Now I know you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds," said Bessie. "I shall tell you what I mean."

When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wanted done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth.

When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of love to God, and that she will tend and watch it, till its branches reach the skies, and meet before his throne.

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."—Children's Friend.

HONEYBEL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Somewhere in the south of England there was once a fine piece of woodland. Tall elms, great oaks, and silvery-barked beeches grew closely, yet not so much so, but that the sun-beams shot down between their branches to the earth and kissed into growth the seeds hidden in the brown mold. The ground, too, was broken and uneven. Here it rose into mossy hillocks crowned with holly and hawthorn, and garlanded with the purplish leaves and lilac blossoms of the ground-ivy. There it sank into dells yellow with primroses, pink with wild flowers, and perfumed with the tiny wood-violet. Again it opened into glades green with short, thick turf, and set with the broad leaves and white bells of the valley lily. Happy animal life brightened the pleasant spot. The nut-seeking squirrel leaped and chattered, the timid rabbit hid himself in the waving fern, the pigeon cooed, and the nightingale sang. There also came the fairies to dance on the dewy sward.

Upon the border of this woodland dwelt a little child, who was called Honeybel, on account of her loving ways. There was nothing that she liked so much as to hunt for acorns, and gather hyacinths and curious orchids. One day she fell asleep under a group of elders, which grew on the edge of a glancing rill. Their spreading bloom arched her with its snow, and their scent, in which lies a fairy spell, deepened her slumber. The sun went down. The twilight followed. Then the stars came out silently, one by one. All was still, when a troop of fairies went laughing by, and stumbled against the dreamer with a torch like that of a rose leaf. They screamed with fear, but at the moment the moon came from behind a cloud, and showed them the closed eyes, the smiling lips, and the locked fingers still grasping a treasure of crimson buds. The Queen sighed, and exclaimed, "Why is she not of us? Let us take her to the Fortunate Islands, which know neither cold or tempest."

"We will do so," answered her husband.

"We will do so," echoed her little court.

There was but one way in which they could accomplish this purpose, and that was by means of a charmed liquid, which they kept carefully in their home amidst the sea. It was called the water of Oblivion, and a single drop washed the past wholly from memory. It was, however, the name of God were breathed in the faintest accents over the sparkling cup, its power of evil vanished forever. While, therefore, one of the fairy band flew in quest of the magic draught, the rest sought to make Honeybel forget her evening prayer.

They transported her to the gay palaces filled with light and music. Lovely forms danced around her, and she listened to pretty tales, or learned fairy games, or played with the flashing gems which were

showered upon her in dazzling numbers. So the midnight came, the moment of fairy influence, and the messenger returned from her rapid flight, offered her the diamond goblet which contained her fate. Weary, thirsty, and bewildered with the pleasures of the hour, she lifted it to drink, then suddenly replacing it, she clasped her hands, and whispered, "I thank thee, Father!"

With the words, a sorrowful wail went with a sobbing sound through the glittering hall; and jeweled pillars, and shining dome, and merry dancers passed from her sight, and behold, she was safe beneath the elders in the gleam of the watching stars!

Dear children, when the fairy Temptation, comes to you with winning smiles and sounding promises, send your thought upward to heaven; and the Father—who never forgets for a moment even the humblest of his creatures—will guide and guard you to the end.—Boston Journal.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

What a simple, beautiful, powerful institution it is! The nursery and preparatory school of the affections and moral sentiments of our nature—what an incalculable influence it brings to bear upon the development of our best capabilities! Take, for example, the relation of children to parents; submission to right authority; trust in a higher wisdom and a stronger power than their own; love answering to love, meeting it sometimes as a monitor, sometimes as a playmate, and unconsciously becoming assimilated to it; it is possible to conceive an atmosphere more exquisitely adapted to quicken in young souls the innate germs of that moral and spiritual life which is destined to find its highest object in the disclosure to it of the fatherhood of God? We often speak of the sanctities of home. Literally, as well as figuratively, our characterization of it is true; for it is there that those affections are first elicited, exercised, and expanded, which in due time, and unless perverted by evil, will be filled with the influences that flow from the Uncreated Source, and that will constitute our sublimer life when the present initiatory one has passed away.

The family circle is a scenic representation to young hearts of that higher world of relationship where, in humanity is to reach its perfection; and the unquestioning obedience we yield to earthly parents, our implicit trust in them, our unreserved love of them, are in their first exercise, just those susceptibilities of our nature which in their last will unite us for ever with the "Parent Divine." Our training for immortality begins with our first recognition of the right to command which the tones of a father's voice express, with the first appreciation of the love which plays in a mother's smile. True, we may frustrate but too effectually these simplest preparations for what we should be hereafter; but it is not the less true that it is in the family circle that we acquire those primary sentiments which constitute the very substratum of subjective religion.

BALSAM OF WEDLOCK.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceeding for divorce. When married people seek a separation, the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their lives, and see on which side the blame lies. The elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife, put thus upon their good behavior, resume the manners of court days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault if the honeymoon is changed into a quarrel. Old love is awakened, and the pair that went to the approved man's tent snarling like cat and dog, return home cooing like doves.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." There is but a step between me and death." A singularly impressive enforcement of these Scriptures is reported as having occurred a few days since near Titusville, Penn. A young man who had recently come to that region was passing the evening with his associates, and in the course of conversation remarked that when he was forty he would be worth a fortune. One of his companions suggested that he might not live so long. He answered that "they were not ready for him down there yet," pointing downward. Some one asking him for his favorite song, he replied with "I've Come to Die, Mother." Scarcely had he repeated the sentence when his head fell upon his breast, and he became motionless and rigid. His companions rushed to him and found that he was dead.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.

Passion.—Passion sweeps over the soul like a cataract for its fury; like a poisonous snake for the venomous lava its surging emits; and like a basilisk for the sparks its lightning-like glances send forth; yet it has its revenge on the human frame, causing a weak, trembling state of the nerves shadowed forth in the melancholy morbidness that usually follows such outbursts; and in conscience's reminder of the recording angel's mission, which haunts the unfortunate one long, long after its degrading indulgence, till, repentance ensuing, a tear blots from the recording book all sign of the debasing sin's entrance there.

The Hartford Post says a gentleman in that city has five nephews in the army who have served out a three years' enlistment and promised them \$5,000 each if they would re-enlist, which all of them did. Three of them are in Sherman's army and will be home within a very few days, and he is prepared to pay down \$15,000 to them, and \$10,000 to the other two, whose term of service will expire the coming fall.

THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.—"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you 'tis a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbor's son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but, you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it, stick to it," cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

The New York Tribune, in an article on Mr. Wendell Phillips, says: "But for his misfortune in having received his moral and religious training from a Bible wherefrom the 13th chapter of I. Corinthians was unaccountably omitted, he might have taken rank among the very foremost men of our age."

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time.

Major General Thomas has been assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Tennessee, embracing the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida, with headquarters at Nashville. General Thomas has assigned General Palmer to command in Kentucky, General Stoneman in Tennessee; General Steadman in Georgia; General Humphrey in Florida, and General C. R. Woods in Alabama. An order will soon be issued, prohibiting post commanders from laying duties or taxes of any kind on local trade.

WINCHESTER NURSERY.

The undersigned having purchased the property known as the Nathan Mendonhall Mill, situated at Unionport, Randolph County, Ind., are now prepared to do all kinds of WOOLEN MANUFACTURING.

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Upon reasonable terms. Mr. Atkins having served a regular apprenticeship to the business, expects to devote his whole time to the same, and hopes by skill and courtesy to merit a liberal share of public patronage. They also expect to keep an assortment of WOOLEN GOODS
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